

THE DAILY BULLETIN SUPPLEMENT.

HONOLULU, H. I., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882.

TURVEYDROP'S CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, THE GHOSTLY EXPRESS.

Yes, it was the 24th. All day it had blown and rained incessantly. The streets had been like rivers but, now that the rain had ceased for a moment, the water lay in pools instead of draining away. The oldest inhabitant had never seen such a *kona* before. The waves had dashed over the edges of the wharves casting up spray over the shelter sheds.

The only schooner in the harbour was stove in against the end of the old Custom House wharf by the violence of the first blast. The few ships from foreign ports had all suffered more or less damage.

For hours it had been impossible to go out of doors: business had utterly ceased. But the ceaseless pour of the rain had lulled and only the fitful sobbing of the wind was to be heard echoing round the corners.

I did not care to go out but I could not stay all night in my office. I must get home some way. At last I blew out the lamps that all day had cast a fitful radiance over the scene of my labours and having seen that every thing was secure I shut the door and locked it.

It was frightfully dark and the lamp at the Bank corner gave a misty light that seemed to say "Rely on yourself and not on me." The foot-path and the centre of the street were alike seas of mud I found. At every step I sank ankle-deep. Stepping across the road, I went into the saloon and took a fid. A few friends were inside but hastily bidding them a Merry Christmas I went out. I reached the corner of the street without meeting any body. But just before me I saw with joy and surprise an express standing by the foot-path. I walked up and asked if it were disengaged, hearing no reply I jumped in, calling out at the same time "Drive home quickly. I'm in a hurry." I lay back without looking around and, pulling out a cigar, lit it. In doing this I became aware of the presence of another person in the express. Thinking it might be some friend who was courteously sharing his express with me I proffered him a cigar. He rejected it without speaking and seemed to settle himself further back in his corner to avoid being seen.

I thought to myself "well, here's a pretty go" and puffed vigorously away. Laying back as I smoked I thought that I would find out who this queer stick was and so I essayed to break the ice by remarking, "It's been an awful day." Still no answer. Well, I thought, if you are going to be so gruff I'll be the same and I lay back and puffed more vigorously than before.

Suddenly there was an awful roll of thunder and the rain came dashing pitilessly down in torrents. The lightning flashed in sheets of dazzling brilliance and made the murky darkness blacker by its sharp contrast. My thoughts had been preoccupied with my silent companion and I had not noticed where we were going, when a less vivid flash than usual showed me that we were proceeding up the valley towards the Pali. We had almost reached the top of the eminence where Judd street now runs off and although it was much out of my road and I was anxious to get home, I said nothing as I knew there were but a few more houses and I was still curious to know who my silent companion was. All this time he had never spoken a word or moved from his original position but when we reached the top of the eminence he suddenly sat up and in an intense, sepulchral whisper said to the driver, "On! on! faster! we'll never get there." The driver seem suddenly galvanized and the horse broke into a trot. "Faster! Faster," again he whispered. The trot became a canter and the canter a gallop. I could scarce believe my senses. The wind whistled round us with the speed we were going and the rain still fell in heavy dripping. Never in my experience had a horse gone up that road faster than a gentle trot and here was a horse galloping with a load on such a night as this. I grew frightened and shouted to the driver to stop, but he seemed not to hear me, and still that strange mystery sat at my elbow, whispering with a peculiar grave-yard intensity of tone "Faster yet, faster." The ground seemed to fly under us, the sparks from the stones were like a chain of fire. And still the elements warred around. My hair began to stand on end, I could feel my skin in a cold quiver of fear, my limbs trembled

and my teeth chattered as if I had been suddenly seized with the ague. The Half way house was soon passed. The mass of mail was seen by the light of a vivid flash. All its fantastic shapes seemed endowed with life, pointing with lean fingers at us and gibbering in the weird light. Still no signs of stopping. Gradually loomed up before us in the ever nearer-drawing distance the cleft through which the road winds down across the Pali.

A horrid fear began to fill me,

carriage. I seemed glued to the cushion and I shook more and more tremulously with each peal of laughter that broke from his lips. It was the most demoniac cackling I ever heard. More and more madly did the vehicle seem to fly. We scarcely seemed to touch the ground. We were now flying up the last rise and at the top of it was the precipice. I tried to lift myself from my seat. I was fascinated—not a limb could I move: I only lived in thought. I knew the fearful doom

with one despairing cry I sprang madly out towards the cliff. I felt something in my hand. I clutched it madly, and clung to it with the despair of death, and heard, while I clung, a wild, hopeless yell, that makes my blood shudder now to think of it, almost drowning the thunder peal.

I had clasped the iron railing that guards the precipice. As I realized the fact I knew that the slightest slip would be fatal: there I was hanging by my hands over a precipice

my wife. "A Merry Christmas." And to this day she doesn't believe that I ever left the saloon till I was put out of it, and that the mud, &c., is accounted for by the state, I came home in. That doesn't matter for I have since discovered that every Christmas eve that ghostly express with its demon occupant waits at the corner of the street for the unwary passenger who may be tempted to ride with them. That is my one noteworthy Christmas eve, and I shall never forget my ride in the ghostly express.

IRE MUA.

SUDDEN WHITENING OF THE HAIR.

There are few topics among what may be called the curiosities of Physiology, which have a greater fascination for the popular mind than the sudden bleaching of the hair, which is asserted to sometimes occur under the influence of strong emotion as intense grief or fear. The possibility of such an occurrence has been strongly denied by many, including some who have a right to be considered as authorities in such matters. Among those who have declared themselves incredulous is Dr. Erasmus Wilson, whose standing is too well known to need enlarging upon. His unbelief, however, was considerably shaken by the case of a young lady who, on receiving news of the shipwreck and death of her husband elect, fell into a swoon, lasting five hours, during which her dark brown hair became as white as a cambric handkerchief. Though convinced of the reality of the occurrence, Dr. Wilson seems to be in a state of considerable doubt and uncertainty as to the way in which the change is brought about. "If," says he, "it be established that the hair is susceptible of permeation by fluids derived from the blood—a transmission of fluids from the vessels of the skin into the substance of the hair really occurs, the quantity and nature being modified by the peculiarity of constitution or state of health of the individual—it follows that such fluids, being altered in their chemical qualities, may possess the power of impressing new conditions on the structure into which they enter. Thus, if they contain an excess of salts of lime, they may deposit salts of lime in the tissue of the hair, and so produce a change in its appearance from dark to grey." So far, therefore, as Prof. Wilson understands the matter, it resolves into a question of "may be's." Some of the older stories of this sudden change in the color of the hair are probably mythical: at any rate they are not well authenticated. A few more modern instances, however, may be mentioned which have come under the observations of persons now or recently living. One of the most remarkable of these occurred in the experience of Staff-Surgeon Parry, who was "serving in India during the mutiny. Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chanda was a sepoy of the Bengal Army. He was brought before the authorities and examined. Fully alive to his position the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. Suddenly, in the midst of the examination, the by-standers were startled by the sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaiming, "He is turning grey!" All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching, with wondering interest, the change coming upon his glossy, jet black locks. In half an hour they were of a uniform grey hue. A similar change has sometimes taken place in the course of a single night. One of the witnesses in the Tichborne case testified that, the night after hearing of his father's death, he dreamed that he saw him killed before his eyes, and found, on awakening, that his hair had turned quite white. The writer of this once knew a venerable clergyman, who related that when quite a young man, his hair turned grey so rapidly that some of his flock waited on him to remonstrate against what they considered undue frivolity in adopting the then fashionable custom of powdering the hair. The two following cases are especially curious. The first was that of a young lady who first heard of her lover's treachery by reading an account of his marriage in a newspaper. After a night's brooding over the traitor's baseness, her looking glass disclosed the astonishing fact that the hair on one side of her head had bleached to a color more becoming a grand-mother, while the other half of her tresses retained their natural golden-brown. Even this was not so bad as the case

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Were we going to stop, or were we going to drive down the Pali at this rate? I knew there were no houses between us and it. Whither were we going? I mustered up courage to break the monotonous chant from my companions lips, of "Faster: faster," and as where we were going.

A sardonic "ha! ha!" that shook the carriage was the only answer. The sound of his laugh filled me with such trembling that I could not rise from my seat though my impulse was to throw myself from the

that awaited me if we went over but I was rooted to the spot. We had reached the top but not an instant did we pause in our wild career. We turned under the bluff to go down when a more vivid flash of lightning than had occurred before showed me as one vast panorama the whole of the beautiful scene beneath me. Alas! I thought I shall never see it more. At the same time I noticed that the horse was just clearing the road and apparently going down the precipice. The sight seemed to nerve me, and

more than a thousand feet down. I had learnt gymnastics when a boy, so, holding firmly, I swung to and fro till my feet touched terra firma when by a sudden upward movement, I raised them over the bar and soon crawled along 'till I could plant my legs on solid ground again. Then overcome by terror, I swooned. How I reached my home, I shall never know, but it was 4 o'clock in the morning, when I staggered into my bedroom covered with mud from head to foot, and soaking wet, to wish